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Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets in I. O. O. F. Hall on the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month.
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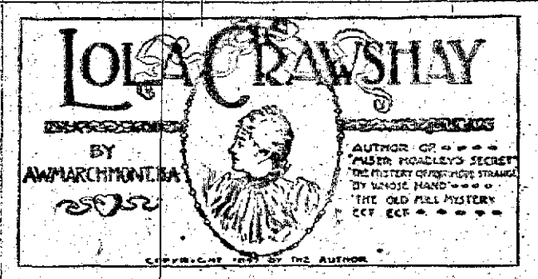


[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER II.

LADY WALCOTE INTERVENES.

Sir Jaffray was still on the veranda, smoking and day dreaming, after his interview with Lola, when Mrs. De Witt and her cousin Beryl returned to the hotel from the walk on which he ought to have accompanied them, and the former surprised him on the balcony and before he could escape. Her shrewd instincts scented mischief.

"By yourself, Maggy?" she said. She generally had a pet name for her male intimates as a sort of compromise between the Christian and surnames. This was chosen in reference to the baronet's great size and strength. "I thought some one was with you—Mrs. Villyers, of course"—this dryly—"and had perhaps stopped your coming with us."

"No; I think she's in her rooms somewhere," he answered, looking at her.

"She's a sweet old lady, I think, for an innocent, and I certainly do think she's the most innocent growth I ever met—for a woman. She's so fond of dear Lola too. I wonder where she is. They're the sweetest pair I know."

"I think no end of Mrs. Villyers," said Sir Jaffray.

"Of course; we all do. She's such an obliging soul, too—coming all this way from her comfortable home, and just to please Lola. I hope I shall be as good to my young people when I'm her age."

"One can't think of you as ever being her age," he answered, smiling.

"You don't seem to think of me even as I am, judging by this afternoon," was the retort, prompted by jealousy and helped with a flash of her brown eyes.

But Sir Jaffray wasn't looking at her and missed this, and his answer was lamentably commonplace.

"That's all you know."

"Why didn't you come this afternoon, then, as you said you would? You know very well that under the circumstances Beryl at any rate had a right to expect you."

"Yes, perhaps she had. I'm afraid so. I'm sorry." His companion's words had reminded him of what Lola had said, and he felt uneasy.

"Afraid so! You are not generally more afraid to do what you ought to do than what you ought not." This was said rather sharply. "Why didn't you come?"

"Beryl had you, and you had Beryl," he answered with provoking slowness.

"And you had!"

"Myself, of course," he returned, getting up.

She got up, too, and stood in his way.

"I don't see why you should want to hide what you've been doing."

"That would be difficult from your sharp eyes, wouldn't it?" And he smiled down at her good humouredly.

"Why don't you tell me all about it, then?"

"There's so little in 'it,' you know. Only two letters—I and another."

"I see. You would rather I learned it from the other, then. I can ask her."

"I never said there was anything to ask, please."

"Do you know that Beryl has had letters from the manor?" asked Mrs. De Witt, changing her line suddenly, irritated at his fencing with her.

"How can I? I haven't seen her since they came."

"Your mother has written to her." This was said as though with special significance.

"The dear mother! She has the best heart in the world," he replied.

"But she doesn't like the second letter of that little 'it.'" And she sought his eyes with a challenge in her own.

"If she has a fault, I am afraid she's too fond of the first letter. I've had my own way all my life," he answered, returning her look and smiling.

She made a pretty gesture of irritation.

"You're more than provoking today, Maggy. At one time you didn't keep secrets from me."

"There are some secrets that are not worth keeping from any one, little woman," he replied. Then he changed his manner and tone completely, and laying a hand on her shoulder said earnestly and kindly: "Don't worry; wait. I'm only fencing."

"I know that, you great—boy," she answered. "But I want to know more."

"All right; I understand. Well, Beryl," he said, breaking off in a different tone, as his cousin came out and joined them, "I hear you have letters from home."

The girl started slightly at this, and her usually calm and rather cold features flushed somewhat, as if the words had some embarrassing reference known to herself.

"Yes, I have had one from the mother." The two always spoke of Lady Walcote as "the mother," Beryl being motherless.

"Is anything up at the manor?" he asked, noticing her concern.

"No. Everything is just as it was when we left a week ago. The mother has not been very well; worried, she says. She asks me to give you this letter." The dint on her cheeks deepened somewhat as she held out to him a letter and met his eyes, looking at her with direct and rather searching inquiry.

While he opened the envelope, Beryl turned to Mrs. De Witt.

"Do you know the news? Mrs. Villyers is going home—tonight, I think, or first thing tomorrow."

"No, I hadn't heard it," answered Mrs. De Witt, looking with a keen, quick glance at the baronet and surprised to see him start and flush and then, with an effort, recover his self possession.

"The dear mother!" he exclaimed, folding up the letter, with a care and precision which to the keen eyes watching him were overdone. "She is the very best soul in the world. What is that about Mrs. Villyers? Going home? This is a coincidence. I am going home tonight. We must travel together if that can be arranged."

"Good," exclaimed Mrs. De Witt, "very good and very natural. Maggy, you have inherited all your mother's goodness of heart and have developed with it all your own powers of action. This little surprise visit of yours will give her much pleasure. She loves to have you with her, talking over all your plans with the fresh interests of childhood, and [illegible]

"Jaffray's face.

"You are a keen observer, Gwen," he said.

"What plot are you two hatching now?" said Beryl, looking from one to the other. "I hoped you were going to stay," she began to Sir Jaffray, but then checked herself.

"I had intended to stop, Beryl," he said, looking at her steadily, "but I am compelled to go home to see the mother after this letter," holding it up. "If you wish it, of course I'll come back. You know I always like to do what you wish if possible. The mother knows that too."

Beryl so rarely showed her feelings that this deep scarlet blush which now rushed over her face, coloring it a vivid red from the roots of her rich brown hair downward as she rose and made an excuse and went indoors hastily, surprised both her companions, and especially Mrs. De Witt, who did not see anything in the baronet's words to cause it and did not understand the reference in them.

"Where are we all this afternoon, Maggy?" she asked in perplexity.

"Where we were not last week and shall not be tomorrow," he answered sententiously and with a smile.

"Are you turning sphinx?" she asked, a little irritably.

"No, I'm only the soothsayer, waiting to see what I ought to say and acting on instructions." And with that he went into the house.

"If I don't read that very clever Miss Lola's hand in this, may I never dirt again!" exclaimed Mrs. De Witt to herself as soon as she was left alone. "But I'll find out from her what passed this afternoon, if I have to ask the question point blank."

Meanwhile Sir Jaffray had gone to read over again and answer the letter from his mother, and he ensconced himself in a corner of the smoking room.

"I wish she hadn't gone so soon," he said—he wasn't thinking of his mother then, however. "It makes it look as if I was following her; but, by Jove, it can't be that—it can't be that; she's in earnest and means to part altogether." The bare thought of this filled him with a feverish fear. "Wish I'd knocked this business about Beryl on the head before I spoke. Poor little girl"—this was Beryl—"I wish I'd never—but what's the good of wishing? I never had a ghost of an idea that I'd got such passion in me till I met Lola. Beryl's a good sort, but it's no use to think of that now. I couldn't marry her feeling as I do. I wish—oh, what an infernal nuisance it is when your people set to work matchmaking! And one's so helpless—worse than if there was a regular understanding. I could go to her then and put with the truth, but I can't as it is without posturing as conceited ass enough to assume that she's in love with me. I hope it hasn't gone so far as that. I wish I'd never—gad, I hope she won't feel as I should feel if things went wrong now with Lola. Wonder why the mother is so down on her. She oughtn't to have written such a letter as this. She wouldn't if she'd known. She'll be all right when she does know. Let me read it again quietly and without that sharp little devil's eyes boring holes in my skull. She's a little demon."

And with this complimentary shaft at Mrs. De Witt he took his mother's letter out of the envelope and read it again:

MY DEAREST JAFFRAY—You are a good son and will not, I know, have forgotten the subject of our last conversation. I write to refer to it because I hear, very much to my surprise—not that I am surprised, though—that Miss Crawshay has so fixed her visit to Torquay as to be there with you all. You may and probably will see nothing in this but a coincidence unless you unfortunately find it a pleasure, but I can look at it with very different eyes. You think you know women in general and Miss Crawshay in particular. Men are always making that silly mistake, but it takes a woman to know a woman, and I have not lived 60 years in the world for nothing, and I have not so blunted my instincts as not to be able to read my own sex. I have warned you to beware of Lola Crawshay. She is not at all what she appears. She comes of a rank, bad stock, and she promises to do credit to her training. Her father, as you know, was one of the worst and most unscrupulous of men, and, as for her mother, she was some woman from southern Europe whom the man picked up in some of his disreputable wanderings. The girl herself has completely befooled her stupid old aunt by flattering her ridiculous vanities and playing on her silly fads, just as she has fooled nearly every one who has come near her. She is, of course, a beautiful creature, as rattlesnake and both are about equally harmless. She can fool every man on whom she pleases to use her eyes, because she is beautiful, and no man could ever yet understand a beautiful woman without marrying her. If you want to know the result of beauty, ask men who have lovely wives, or girls who have lovely mothers. I urge you, then, Jaffray, not to take this beautiful, dangerous creature on trust. I do not know how far you have gone with her. I am afraid at least when I think that you are in love with her, but I sicken with fear at the thought of your ever making her your wife.

Remember also that you are really bound in honor to another woman. Your father wished that you should marry your cousin Beryl. Her father's death does not alter all things, and you know that it is the dearest wish of my heart. More than that, you have acted up to now as if you meant to marry Beryl, and in that way you have won her heart. Beryl loves you with her whole heart, Jaffray, and you have led her to do so. I know this well enough, and she is the truest and purest of good women. I have often talked with her about the time when she would be your wife, and I have now written to her a letter telling her much of what I have said here, and that I look on you as already pledged to marry her, and I have asked her to give me this letter, knowing its contents and my wishes.

I am acting in your real interests, my son, and I do not realize I do not hesitate to take a very unusual step. Your loving mother,

GWENDOLIN WALCOTE.

Sir Jaffray had broken out several times with short, sharp exclamations while reading the letter, but when he had finished he sat four or five minutes in close thought. Then he wrote his reply:

MY DEAREST MOTHER—It will be bitter to me to disappoint you and more than bitter if you cannot receive with love the only woman in the world I can possibly marry—Lola Crawshay. Were she as black as you paint her I would choose no other woman for my wife. It is too late to alter my choice. I am coming home tomorrow to see you about it. Your loving son, JAFFRAY.

"It is better she should know right off," he muttered as he folded the letter and addressed and stamped the envelope. "She knows I don't alter easily, and it will pave the way for our talk."

He strolled out of the hotel to smoke and think.

It was the crisis of his life, but he faced it like all crises, resolutely and boldly, holding the difficulties full in the face, making his decision firmly and [illegible] to it with the tenacity of his race.

Two things he regretted deeply—first [illegible] the gentleness [illegible] and [illegible] about Beryl—[illegible] and [illegible] Beryl—[illegible] by [illegible] Jaffray's face.

"You are a keen observer, Gwen," he said.

"What plot are you two hatching now?" said Beryl, looking from one to the other. "I hoped you were going to stay," she began to Sir Jaffray, but then checked herself.

"I had intended to stop, Beryl," he said, looking at her steadily, "but I am compelled to go home to see the mother after this letter," holding it up. "If you wish it, of course I'll come back. You know I always like to do what you wish if possible. The mother knows that too."

Beryl so rarely showed her feelings that this deep scarlet blush which now rushed over her face, coloring it a vivid red from the roots of her rich brown hair downward as she rose and made an excuse and went indoors hastily, surprised both her companions, and especially Mrs. De Witt, who did not see anything in the baronet's words to cause it and did not understand the reference in them.

"Where are we all this afternoon, Maggy?" she asked in perplexity.

"Where we were not last week and shall not be tomorrow," he answered sententiously and with a smile.

"Are you turning sphinx?" she asked, a little irritably.

"No, I'm only the soothsayer, waiting to see what I ought to say and acting on instructions." And with that he went into the house.

"If I don't read that very clever Miss Lola's hand in this, may I never dirt again!" exclaimed Mrs. De Witt to herself as soon as she was left alone. "But I'll find out from her what passed this afternoon, if I have to ask the question point blank."

Meanwhile Sir Jaffray had gone to read over again and answer the letter from his mother, and he ensconced himself in a corner of the smoking room.

"I wish she hadn't gone so soon," he said—he wasn't thinking of his mother then, however. "It makes it look as if I was following her; but, by Jove, it can't be that—it can't be that; she's in earnest and means to part altogether." The bare thought of this filled him with a feverish fear. "Wish I'd knocked this business about Beryl on the head before I spoke. Poor little girl"—this was Beryl—"I wish I'd never—but what's the good of wishing? I never had a ghost of an idea that I'd got such passion in me till I met Lola. Beryl's a good sort, but it's no use to think of that now. I couldn't marry her feeling as I do. I wish—oh, what an infernal nuisance it is when your people set to work matchmaking! And one's so helpless—worse than if there was a regular understanding. I could go to her then and put with the truth, but I can't as it is without posturing as conceited ass enough to assume that she's in love with me. I hope it hasn't gone so far as that. I wish I'd never—gad, I hope she won't feel as I should feel if things went wrong now with Lola. Wonder why the mother is so down on her. She oughtn't to have written such a letter as this. She wouldn't if she'd known. She'll be all right when she does know. Let me read it again quietly and without that sharp little devil's eyes boring holes in my skull. She's a little demon."

And with this complimentary shaft at Mrs. De Witt he took his mother's letter out of the envelope and read it again:

MY DEAREST JAFFRAY—You are a good son and will not, I know, have forgotten the subject of our last conversation. I write to refer to it because I hear, very much to my surprise—not that I am surprised, though—that Miss Crawshay has so fixed her visit to Torquay as to be there with you all. You may and probably will see nothing in this but a coincidence unless you unfortunately find it a pleasure, but I can look at it with very different eyes. You think you know women in general and Miss Crawshay in particular. Men are always making that silly mistake, but it takes a woman to know a woman, and I have not lived 60 years in the world for nothing, and I have not so blunted my instincts as not to be able to read my own sex. I have warned you to beware of Lola Crawshay. She is not at all what she appears. She comes of a rank, bad stock, and she promises to do credit to her training. Her father, as you know, was one of the worst and most unscrupulous of men, and, as for her mother, she was some woman from southern Europe whom the man picked up in some of his disreputable wanderings. The girl herself has completely befooled her stupid old aunt by flattering her ridiculous vanities and playing on her silly fads, just as she has fooled nearly every one who has come near her. She is, of course, a beautiful creature, as rattlesnake and both are about equally harmless. She can fool every man on whom she pleases to use her eyes, because she is beautiful, and no man could ever yet understand a beautiful woman without marrying her. If you want to know the result of beauty, ask men who have lovely wives, or girls who have lovely mothers. I urge you, then, Jaffray, not to take this beautiful, dangerous creature on trust. I do not know how far you have gone with her. I am afraid at least when I think that you are in love with her, but I sicken with fear at the thought of your ever making her your wife.

Remember also that you are really bound in honor to another woman. Your father wished that you should marry your cousin Beryl. Her father's death does not alter all things, and you know that it is the dearest wish of my heart. More than that, you have acted up to now as if you meant to marry Beryl, and in that way you have won her heart. Beryl loves you with her whole heart, Jaffray, and you have led her to do so. I know this well enough, and she is the truest and purest of good women. I have often talked with her about the time when she would be your wife, and I have now written to her a letter telling her much of what I have said here, and that I look on you as already pledged to marry her, and I have asked her to give me this letter, knowing its contents and my wishes.

I am acting in your real interests, my son, and I do not realize I do not hesitate to take a very unusual step. Your loving mother,

GWENDOLIN WALCOTE.

Sir Jaffray had broken out several times with short, sharp exclamations while reading the letter, but when he had finished he sat four or five minutes in close thought. Then he wrote his reply:

MY DEAREST MOTHER—It will be bitter to me to disappoint you and more than bitter if you cannot receive with love the only woman in the world I can possibly marry—Lola Crawshay. Were she as black as you paint her I would choose no other woman for my wife. It is too late to alter my choice. I am coming home tomorrow to see you about it. Your loving son, JAFFRAY.

"It is better she should know right off," he muttered as he folded the letter and addressed and stamped the envelope. "She knows I don't alter easily, and it will pave the way for our talk."

He strolled out of the hotel to smoke and think.

It was the crisis of his life, but he faced it like all crises, resolutely and boldly, holding the difficulties full in the face, making his decision firmly and [illegible] to it with the tenacity of his race.

Two things he regretted deeply—first [illegible] the gentleness [illegible] and [illegible] about Beryl—[illegible] and [illegible] Beryl—[illegible] by [illegible] Jaffray's face.

"You are a keen observer, Gwen," he said.

with of others that he should marry her, and he had acquiesced in the plan because no one else had ever touched his heart. He had liked her in the calm, unruffled way in which her nature had appealed to him, and had always admired her.

But he felt now as if there had never been a thought of love toward her in all his heart.

Now his feelings were a mixture of fear and hope—fear lest his mother was right and lest Beryl might feel *something of that desolation and misery* which the thought of losing Lola suggested to him and hope that his mother was wrong. Beryl was so true and genuine a soul, had been such a stanch friend and dear companion in the past and had taken such a strong interest in all that concerned him that he was profoundly grieved at the thought of bringing sorrow to her.

He wished, indeed, that he could have said the whole thing before her as he had often done with other and lesser puzzles and just have talked it out quietly like friends.

He missed the help which the girl had often been to him, and he was thinking of this as he sauntered on to the veranda at the end of his stroll and saw her *sitting* there *alone, just in the* corner and in the chair where Lola had sat in the afternoon.

He went to her and sat down in one of the creaky basket chairs near her.

"Well, walking about to think, Jaffray," she said pleasantly, "after the old habits?"

"Yes. I was thinking about my going off tomorrow. I'm going to see the mother, you know."

"I thought so from what you said today," replied Beryl quite calmly. "What train do you go by? Shall you come back?"

This commonplace way of meeting what he had meant as an advance rather disconcerted him, and he answered tamely:

"I haven't fixed the time yet," adding after a short, uncomfortable pause, "I'll come back if you wish, you know."

But at that he blamed himself lest she should misunderstand him.

The girl laughed softly, but quite without sign of restraint. She was an excellent actress too.

"You don't seem to know your own mind very clearly, not like you."

"Some people seem to think I know it too clearly," he answered, thinking of his mother's letter.

"Oh, people often make blunders trying to guess one's wishes, I think."

He thought he could detect a little personal ring in her voice, suggesting an undercurrent meaning, but before he could say anything she added:

"Of course you'll just do as you like about coming back."

"Do you mean you want to release me from my promise to stay a fortnight here?"

"I don't remember any direct promise, Jaffray," she answered with the same slight unsteadiness of tone. "But even if there had been a direct promise I shouldn't want to hold you to it—never." This word she spoke with emphasis, but added directly in a lighter tone, "Nor would Mrs. De Witt, I'm sure."

"Do I understand you, Beryl"—

"Who's that taking my name in vain? Beryl, I thought you knew me better than to believe it possible for any soul on earth to say what I would or would not do five minutes before I did it. I hope I'm not so commonplace as that yet." Mrs. De Witt laughed, not quite pleasantly, as she joined the two.

The interruption irritated Sir Jaffray greatly. It had come just at a point when the interview seemed working right round to an understanding.

"I was only telling Jaffray that I was sure you would not hold him to any pledge to come and finish the time of his promised stay here."

"Indeed, but I would, and I will and do. And if he doesn't come it'll be the worse for him and everybody," she said, with significant emphasis. "In the first place I want some explanation of his going away at all."

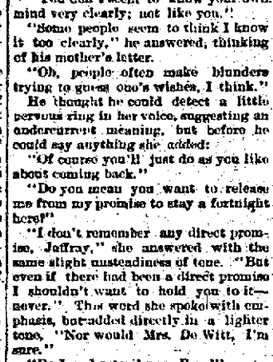
"Urgent private affairs is the usual plea in the service."

"Covering anything from a racket in town to a secret love affair," said Mrs. De Witt, with a challenge in her eyes and manner. "And I'm sure that can't be your case, Maggy."

"You're a very shrewd guesser," returned Sir Jaffray, with a look which the challenger understood.

"Do you mean I'm right? But there's no one here except Beryl, and there's no secret about her," she replied, stepping boldly on to the thinnest part of the ice, "except, of course, Lola Crawshay."

Her two hearers winced at her boldness, and in the midst of the momen-



He sat four or five minutes in close thought.

tary pause which followed a smooth voice was heard:

"Dinner is served, if you please."

"For which relief much thanks, eh, Maggy!" laughed Mrs. De Witt. "But *it's only a respite, understand, and I'm* too hungry to go any further now."

With this they all went into the hotel, the baronet hurrying away to change.

CHAPTER III.

LOLA'S VICTORY.

"Im't Mrs. Villyers coming, Lola?" asked Mrs. De Witt, as the three ladies sat alone, waiting for Sir Jaffray, Lola having joined them at the table.

"No, dear; she has a headache," answered Lola.

"Wants to avoid being questioned about her change of plan and sudden departure, I suppose," was the reply.

"Very likely," said Lola calmly. "I never knew any one who shrunk from a certain kind of curiosity more than she does."

"Yes, she's a sweet tempered woman. She's so—what's that word you use sometimes, Beryl?—so altruistic. That means helping others out of a ditch and keeping your lips closed, doesn't it?"

"Not quite," returned Beryl.

"Well, it's very convenient now and then, I'm sure," said Mrs. De Witt. "I'm really sorry she can't come, for I'm positively curious about the reasons for your remaining off in this way, Lola, and put on the time Maggy's off on such short notice in coming to following the chase. Now Mrs. Villyers has some idea, at any rate, of her and is running away from duties.

"I hope not, indeed," returned Lola, with earnest innocence quite equal to Mrs. De Witt's. "She is the best of good creatures, and a love disappointment of the kind is the last thing she deserves. She has said nothing to me about it, but there, of course, she couldn't, could she?" And Lola turned her large, lustrous eyes upon Mrs. De Witt with an expression of real concern in them.

"No, I don't think either of you'd exchange confidences on such a subject," said Mrs. De Witt dryly, but smiling very sweetly.

Beryl was amused despite the undercurrent of interest there was in the dialogue

...County Mining

...SWEET FRIDAY.

...N. Y. Weekly Tribune, and

...and Philadelphia Weekly Press,

...to applications.

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...advertisements published at the rate ...or $1.00 per inch per week; ...(four weeks) $3.00; three ...Notices will be ...

...of Smoke, $1.00 each, payable in ad...

...and Miscellaneous notices, $1.00 ...

...ADDRESS ALL ...

HENRY OLSON,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, AUG. 20, 1897.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR ASSOCIATE LAW JUDGE,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of Smethport.

FOR CORONER,
R. R. SHERMAN,
of Bradford.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty Township.

This mailing fiddle are giving the calamity chickens thin hell ha!

Pennsylvania manufactures during the last fiscal year was only 230,822, a falling off from the year previous of 113,-000.

The people are admiring the first bales of McKinley prosperity in paying off Cleveland mortgages. Wise people!

There will be a meeting of the Republican county committee at the St. James parlors at Bradford, Friday, August 20, at 3 p. m. Do not fail to attend.

The Democratic managers have sent W. J. Bryan to Mexico to get him out of the way while the price of wheat is going up and the price of silver is declining. He talks too much.

Gold is now pouring into the coffers of Uncle Sam from Europe instead of going out as it was under the administration of the "exasperated knight of free trade." Republican promises are being fulfilled.

It is a great thing for this country, now that there is an existing gold standard of value, that while we have an abundance of silver, $521,000,000, in the country, we have so limited it that we have the use of both money metals without fear of the depreciation of silver.

The manufacturers and the farmers are now engaged in a race to see who shall show the greatest evidence of prosperity. Come to think of it, that was just what the Republicans claimed last year—that prosperity in manufacturing and prosperity in farming went hand in hand.

The most encouraging feature of the reports showing the return of business activity is that they come from small as well as large plants. When every community finds itself busily employed the protectionist agitator finds his occupation gone and the country prosperity.

An inherent quality of money always checks the earner of wages. Capital knows all the ways and means of guarding against contingencies, and labor has not the chance to do so. The fact that the silver standard of money is everywhere associated with impoverished, servile labor tells the story.

The Cleveland Plaindealer, a daily Democratic newspaper of Senator Hanna's home, reluctantly admits that there is "some evidence of returning prosperity." It is moved to this admission by the fact that a single rolling mill in that place which has been silent for years has started up with 2,000 men at work.

The farmer's up at dawn of day, harvesting wheat or hauling hay, he knows protection's here again, for money's waiting for his grain. The machine's up, his crops are good, he'll buy new clothes, have lots of food, he'll head no more the free trade "dust," who gyped him once with "dollar wheat."—American Economist.

Tom Keogh are pouring more wonderful every day. James L. Steele of Bethlehem, Pa., mention of whom was made in the HERALD of two weeks ago as having had his head broken four times and yet lived, was brought to the hospital for the fifth time and the X-rays used. It was discovered that the fifth-head vertebra had never been properly replaced. But by the assistance of this wonderful invention the operation was successfully performed.

The old saying "water will always find its own level" was fully illustrated by the Populists of Ohio last week in the nomination of "Common-wealth Coxey" as their candidate for governor. When he marshals his hosts that he had two years ago and marches through the "Western reserve" he will draw to his banner every tramp and disgruntled politician that can be found in the State and there will be no digger up to keep off the grass. Let the blood strike up Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes."

The saddest sort of all is the Philadelphia Times crowing Senator Mark Hanna of Ohio of manipulating the Populist convention in that State last week and inducing the Populists to nominate Commonwealth Coxey as their candidate for governor. The Democrats are willing to lay any misfortune that happens to them to Hanna. The Times seems to consider that Coxey's nomination dashes their hopes of carrying Gibraltar hill, so there are no hopes of fusing with the Populists on which the Democrats hooked their hopes.

One large number of purchasers who may be seen returning from the mill could day every evening at 6 o'clock, with a few of the thousand conditions [illegible] of the latter. For several [illegible] past eight hours constituted a day's work. Now a number of men are working 10 hours. Ten hours pay [illegible] big monthly checks. We [illegible] time of overtime making [illegible] to $3.40 per day.—Renovo [illegible]. That's right, brother [illegible] expends a good deal better [illegible] than the [illegible] on this side [illegible] Democratic [illegible] Democratic [illegible] Democratic

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Finish Up

SUMMER MERCHANDISE.

...ask you will find

RARE VALUES

In ... Dress Fabrics, Straw Headwear, Brown Shoes, etc.

... of this season's ... order that next ... as well as the past ... find us with no ... numbers.

EVERYTHING FRESH.

... inducements in our ... DEPARTMENT ... to your prices.

THE BUCKTAIL REUNION ... bring you ... town. You can't ... to miss it. If you ... for bargains ... and see us. If ... a stranger we will ... to get acquainted

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

NERAL MERCHANTS, Smethport, Pa.

THIS IS THE TIME

... have views of your residences taken. The best time

OF THE YEAR,

... consequently the best results can ... be obtained. ... desire

TO BUY CRAYONS

I am still at the front. Crayons framed $3.50.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

... at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

... OCT. FRIDAY, AUG. 25, 1897.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

... office house for rent.

... McCoy is sporting a fine new top ...

... Mansfield is requested to meet ... Hall Monday night.

... completion of the B. R. & P. R. ... picnic at Silver Lake tomorrow.

... interesting communications were left ... week on account of lack of space.

... miners at Clermont are working ... and a great deal of coal is gotten ... daily.

... A crew of men are at work erecting ... telephone line between Farmers Valley and East Smethport.

... H. M. Choate, our popular deputy re... has issued 151 marriage licenses ... the act was passed.

... Joseph McGee of Rixford who was ... on the charge of attempted rape ... was released on bail last Saturday.

... week ending Aug. 11, letter re... in postoffice for Mrs. Wm. Kinzler, W... calling" or name please say "adver...

... Bradley of Austin, Pa., com... homicide last week by cutting his ... with a razor. He was aged 61 y...

... MINER received a very interest... letter from Comrade H. L. Burlin... of Lidlington, Mich. It will appear next week.

... many friends of W. H. Sullivan ... glad to learn that he has been ... to his pleasant home at Austin ... a fair way to recovery.

... The planer at the mill was broken ... Tuesday morning, causing a shut-down ... was soon fixed, however, and work ... resumed Wednesday morning.

... A. E. Hughes is striving to hold ... Chas. Dickinson's chair in the re... office, but, being rather under ... the experiences some difficulty.

... Rixford Front, Olean, N. Y., has ... of adv. this week. When you ... Olean remember this popular ... house. Ford's prices are always ...

... Thomas A. Barry of Ormsby and ... Laura M. Mahon of Bradford were ... Father Cosman at the latter ... Monday. They will reside at ...

... The oyster roast feast at Foster Brook ... last Sunday is claimed to have ... a decided success. Large crowds ... in attendance in spite of the rain in the morning.

... Mrs. T. S. Thomas of Cuba, N. Y., is ... guest Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Olds of ... Miss Amanda Wilcox of Wilcox ... visiting her brother, L. F. Wil... at Crosby.

... Last Wednesday morning Father ... joined in wedlock William F. St ... and Margaret O'Connell of Mt. Al... quite a large company accompanied ... happy couple on their trip.

... Monday Father Flood celebrat... mass, it being the anniversary of ... Galligan's death. Miss Anna ... presided at the organ. Mrs. Car... ... sang a solo to the accompania... of Miss Mary Shafer.

... A pleasant surprise was tendered Miss ... Stewart last Saturday night at the ... of her uncle, S. G. Rush, on ... street. The occasion was the birth... of Miss Stewart and the surprise was ... complete. An enjoyable evening was ...

... The illustrated issue of the Harris... News announcing its second anni... reached our table last Saturday. ... columns, 20 pages full of fine il... cuts and half tone cuts of the most ... interesting points and prominent men ... a credit to the publishers.

... Miss Lois Young was the guest of ... at a trolley party given Friday af... noon by Mrs. Smiley, with whom she ... visiting. About 20 young people were ... the party, and the journey to Rock ... where refreshments were served, ... all a most delightful affair.—Brad... Post.

... Guy Mayo was down from Smethport ... Friday and took part in the clay pigeon ... at Indian Creek. His score is ... good evidence that the story they ... in Smethport about Guy and Brow... dog Duke, is true.—Eldred Eagle. ... was all owing to Duke's age that Guy ... did not get more birds. Duke was un... able to catch them after Guy missed.

BUCKTAIL RE-UNION.

Smethport Welcomes the First Rifle Regiment, P. R. V. C., to Their Headquarters in '61.

A Big Family Gathering.

The Brave Old Boys are Being Royally Entertained by Our Hospitable People—Thursday's Proceedings—The Business Meeting—Reception at the Opera House—Camp Fire at the Court House—The Town Gorgeously Decorated.

Heroic self-sacrifice has in every age and clime received the happiest encomium in poet, saint and scholar. Stately columns reared heavenward throughout the world proclaim in solemn, silent, reverential eloquence the love and gratitude of posterity for those who have battled for freedom and her cause. Our own great State has never failed to respond to the call of duty, and her soil has been sanctified on many fields by the blood and bone of her noble children who have fallen in the cause of freedom. These rest in peace, gathered to their final bivouac in the Great Beyond. Some, however, who marched in her serried columns still remain.

Among those are the honored visitors of the present occasion. All honor to the surviving few of that gallant band of Bucktails! Time and the sword have thinned their ranks, but added to their fame. No boyish, mercenary motive actuated these brave men, who from their mountain homes went forth to battle; but imbued with the principles of liberty and equality they could not endure this blot of slavery and secession on the fair escutcheon of their country. None braver than these have found a soldier's grave beneath the southern sun. Drainsville, Gaines Mills, Cedar Mountain, Bull Run, Antietam and Gettysburg bear witness to their valor; and posterity will echo their glory to unborn generations.

Their deeds and achievement are not confined to their own country, but wherever liberty has thrilled the heart of man and awakened hopes of a higher and nobler life there is found the effects of that principle for which the northern soldier died. There is to-day in the heart of Africa a dusky savage, vaguely dreaming of this land, the birthplace of liberty. There are on the banks of the Ganges the timid children of India reading in their own language the story of our struggle. The fettered peasants in half-benighted Russia picture in rude imagination the greatness of a people who could rise to strike the fetters from a despised and enslaved race; yet our honored visitors and their comrades in battle have earned the crowning distinction.

Would that their lives could be lengthened out to enjoy for many years to come the fruits of their brilliant record, but each succeeding year finds the roll call thinned. A little more and they will gather together again at the great camping-ground of eternity to endure no parting. To those who are with us to-day we extend our cordial welcome, and trust their remaining days may be passed in the fullness of an honored soldier's joy.

Last Tuesday an alarm from the direction of East Smethport broke the silence of our quiet town. Comrade Wright sent out a body of scouts to ascertain the cause, and they reported Gen. Harry Rauch with a mixed army, principally fair Amazons, was invading our homes, and that we were in immediate danger of capture. A capitulation, however was agreed upon and the Little Corporal with his brave band took possession of our town, and we have been willing captives ever since. It is well that we surrendered for the invaders have been reinforced by other bands. We are happy to say, they own our town.

The eleventh annual business meeting of the Regimental Association of the Bucktails was held in Kittridge opera house, Thursday afternoon at 1:30 p. m.

Comrade B. F. Wright, President of the Association, spoke briefly that as years were passing away the old regiment was growing smaller, that it was an honor to serve it in any capacity and that the offices should be distributed to different members each year. He thanked the members for the honorable position he held during the past year. After Mr. Wright was seated the secretary, W. H. Rauch, read the minutes of the last annual meeting which were approved. The reading of the financial statement was dispensed with as each of the association had received a copy of the same and no objection to it was made. The members then answered to the roll call, after which the nomination of officers was in order. The following were duly elected: Pres't, Maj. Jno. A. Wolfe; Vice President, Hon. W. W. Brown; Sec'y, W. H. Rauch; Assistant Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Rauch; Treas., Col. E. A. Irvin. Sec'y Rauch was also nominated for President, but in a few happy remarks, stating that as he had served under Johnny Wolfe in the trying days of the rebellion, he still wished to continue in that capacity and declined the honor. The officers were unanimously elected; Messrs Ryan and Lane were appointed to escort the new president to the chair. Mr. Wolfe declined to make a speech and referred the task to his friend, Brown, who said in substance that Mr. Wolfe was more accustomed to fighting than to speech making, that his heart didn't weigh very light, and while he could not come here to decorate the people with roses as he could, not fail to respond to the enthusiasm of the occasion. "I will let the brave Boys for themselves say [illegible] my life has been [illegible] of the army and college and [illegible] has he found a more cordial reception than the citizens of Smethport extend."

Col. Irwin spoke complimenting the ladies on their tasty decorations and moved that the wife of Him who organized the Bucktails be invited to sit beside the president. Messrs Wright and Brown escorted Mrs Kane to the left of the president.

Letters of encouragement and regret from members unable to attend were read. It was moved, seconded and carried that a reply to Mr Glen who is lying ill at home be sent. Col. Irwin made a happy address. Comrades Brown and Foreman were appointed a committee on resolutions.

Heaths' orchestra and the mandolin club entertained a large audience at the opera house yesterday afternoon while the ladies served ice cream and cake. This was one of the finest receptions ever given in our town and reflects great credit on our fair ladies.

The fire works at 8 o'clock were fine. At 9 the campfire was kindled at the court house. Marching through Georgia [illegible] by the band fanned the blaze to the proper heat. The room was packed, standing room at a premium. Fine singing, short and eloquent speeches made the two and one-half hours pass quickly, and the campfire at Smethport, the birthplace of the regiment, will remain in the memory of those present as one of the happiest events in the history of the Bucktail association.

COL. CHARLES F. TAYLOR.

Col. Charles F. Taylor, who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg while bravely leading his regiment is another of the famous men who offered his life that our nation might live. He was born at Kennet Square, Chester county, Pa., in 1840 and was a brother of Bayard Taylor, the renowned author and traveler. His earthly career closed at the age of 23. Had his life been spared there is no telling what preferment would have been his portion.

COL. HUGH WATSON McNEIL.

Col. Hugh Watson McNeil was born in Owasco, Cayuga county, N. Y., June 10, 1836. He was a graduate of Yale College. He enlisted as a private in Roy Stone's company, but was elected First lieutenant and afterward was made Captain. On Jan. 22, 1862, he was elected Colonel of his regiment. Col. McNeil was killed at Antietam, Sept. 16, 1862, aged 22 years. Thus early in life passed away one of the bravest defenders of our country's honor and beloved flag.

Following is Burgess Hogarth's address of welcome:

HONORED VETERANS AND FRIENDS, CITIZENS OF SMETHPORT; LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

To welcome the illustrious Bucktail Regiment, upon the occasion of their annual reunion, is a task which I assume with pleasure and with pride; with pleasure that I am called upon to greet the old-time comrades of my father; with pride in the cordial hospitality which I can extend to you in the name of the patriotic citizens of Smethport, and, in return for the honor of your presence, in these times of national peace and prosperity, when your work has been accomplished and you have seen its fruits grow and multiply year by year, it is very fitting that you should keep up the spirit of comradeship by frequent meetings, and also that the people should join with you to learn new lessons of courage and of love for the stars and stripes.

It is also very fitting that to this regiment should be given the especial attention which is their due; for, while we appreciate every soldier and honor every member of the Grand Army of the Republic, we recognize the fact that the Bucktails were a special regiment, detailed for special duty as skirmishers at the head of the Reserve Corps of the Army of Pennsylvania.

It is thirty-six years last April since Thomas L. Kane, and his picked company of skilled marksmen, sound and hardy of body, keen in wit, quick to perceive, inured to a life of toil among Pennsylvania's wilds and burning with a patriotic desire to answer the call of the President for troops, floated down the Susquehanna on three huge rafts. Three hundred fifteen strong sailed the city of Harrisburg with a volley. They came from McKean counties and were immediately named "The Bucktails", for every man of them wore a tail from the stump of the forest in his cap and the same sign was displayed from a hickory pole serving as a flag-staff on each raft. It was comrade Jas. Lundigan who first placed a buckstail in his hat.

From Cameron, Warren, Perry, Chester, Clearfield, Carbon and Tioga counties came hardy men, handy with the rifle, and the conference developed no offer except that the Wolford Gas Co., are willing and will donate to the borough gas for 25 lights inclosed in globes. The committee further reported that they had not been able to formulate an ordinance as they had not succeeded until Monday evening in getting an interview and had no opportunity to do so since the interview.

The old gas company presented the following offer:

RESOLVED, that the Smethport Gas Company offer the Borough of Smethport to furnish fuel to all manufacturing establishments locating in the said borough, at as reasonable rates as any responsible company in McKean county shall be furnishing gas for manufacturing purposes, at the time demands shall be made for said gas and the same is furnished. Also to furnish gas free of charge for heating and lighting the hose house and council room and for properly lighting the streets of said Borough provided inclosed globes are used.

The Smethport Gas Co., also presented a bond of $5000 duly signed and sealed binding themselves to faithfully discharge the two offers made, the first which was presented last week giving the Borough $1000 a year for five years and the one just quoted above. At this point, Mr. Richmond, for the gas company, having presented the foregoing proposition, made a speech setting forth the benefits to be derived from the acceptance of the $1,000 and the guarantees offered. He was followed by Mr. Apple urging the council to grant the Wolford Gas Co., a franchise. Mr. E. R. Mayo made a speech setting forth many legal points and favored the new gas company and thrust his spear into the water company all of which made much merriment and applause. Mr. Gorton made a speech in which he set forth the advantages the acceptance of the proposition of the Smethport Gas Co., would bring to the Borough and its tax payers, and prefaced his remarks with a statement that he was not at the meeting acting as attorney for either company or any faction but simply as a tax payer and for the best interests of the citizens. At this point the gas business was taken up by the Council on a resolution to accept the proposition made by the Smethport Gas Co. On the question the Council rejected the proposition by one majority. The following voted to accept: Young, Gallup, Palmer, Chadwick; to reject, Beebe, Sasse, Johnson, McCammon, Herzog. The same vote granted a franchise to the Wolford Gas Co. Afterward T. F. Richmond withdrew the proposition and bond of the Smethport Gas Co.

A. B. Armstrong & Co., offer some very handsome hammocks at very reasonable prices.

Gleason, the photographer, is now ready to make pictures of your residence's.

Wait for "Solomon Issacs."

Bonds for Sale.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE school district of Otto township, McKean county, State of Pennsylvania, having decided to fund the outstanding floating indebtedness of said school district into coupon interest bearing bonds, notice is hereby given that the following described bonds of said school district are offered for sale for cash to the highest bidder, viz: Five bonds to be dated [illegible] each for two hundred dollars each, the first of which is to fall due on [illegible] and one each successive year thereafter, that bearing [illegible] per cent. per annum, payable annually on presentation of coupons at [illegible] in Smethport, Pa. Bids will be received for said bonds at not less than par, and the right is reserved to reject any or all bids. Bids will be received by the undersigned Board of Directors at the office of the Secretary, in Smethport, Pa., until [illegible] o'clock p. m. on the [illegible] day of September, 1897.

By order of the Board of Directors of Otto township.

DAVID GOODNOUGH, Pres't.
E. A. GOLDEN, Sec'y.

Notice to Contractors.

[illegible]

THE KANE PICNIC.

[illegible] Kane Day. A Well and Comely [illegible] Organized. The Ball [illegible] Picnic a Success.

[illegible] seems to be only [illegible] in this section with therefore the first annual picnic of the McKean County Band Association at Lafayette on Friday, the 13th day of August, brought to that little hamlet the largest aggregation of people ever within its borders at one time. The managers informed the writer that they estimated that 2000 visitors were there and we consider the estimate low at that.

The day dawned fair and six bands, namely: Eldred, Port Allegany, Clermont, Duke Centre, Kushequa and Farnsley, were there to entertain the music lovers assembled. Each band in turn played several pieces on the platform and all are entitled to credit for the way they rendered the music. There was no contest for prizes and the question "which was the best band there?" is only to be answered by those who had a favorite, which we had not.

Representatives of the different bands met in a tent in the afternoon and perfected a permanent organization to be known as the McKean County Band Association and selected Port Allegany as the place for their next annual meet. The six bands present joined the organization.

The ball game was called at about 3:30 and Smethport and a mixed aggregation representing Eldred proceeded to do battle. F. Harry Chase officiated as umpire during the greater part of the game. His judgement on balls and strikes and his general interpretation of the rules governing the game could be improved on to say the least. "Buggy" Wright, the former heavy hitting Smethport left fielder, umpired the latter part of the game correctly and impartially. Page and Peters were the battery for Eldred and the way that the boys from the county seat batted Page made that young man from Roulette realize the fact that he had seen better days. Eleven hits with a total of 15 bases were made off his delivery in the six innings played. Servatius started to do the twirling for the Smethport team, but was removed after the second inning as the "Eldridges" were trifling with his curves to such an extent that the outfielders were in danger of heart failure from continually chasing the ball. After that Willie Fuller and Tommy Young did the battery work and until the close of the game had their opponents at their mercy. Willie fanned eight men during his sojourn in the box. Basie deserves special mention for his batting and sensational base running. Tom Young's batting was a feature. Score: Smethport 13, Eldred 9. It was a picnic game played on picnic grounds, therefore a great many incidents in connection with the game are explained.

Among the pleasant events of the day was the singing of the famous Smethport quartette. The young men compoding this quartette ably sustained Smethport's musical reputation and proved the drawing card of the day whenever they chose to sing.

During the afternoon the platform in the grove was filled with merry dancers, who cared not which team won victory in the national game in progress, so long as the Heath Bros. continued to let "the dance go on". In the evening an unusually large crowd was in attendance at the hop and life was but a merry round of pleasure until Old Sol was close at hand.

Council Meeting.

The following are the minutes of the council meeting held last Monday night:

Motion made and carried that the boro tax on dogs be enumerated and that the tax collector be notified of the action of the council.

Motion made and carried to file with the prothonotary a statement of the indebtedness of Smethport borough as a preliminare to issuing bonds to pay for the rock crushing plant.

The president, on motion, appointed Palmer, Chadwick and Sasse a committee to formulate a resolution increasing the bonded indebtedness of the borough and other matters relating to the issuing of bonds to pay for the rock crushing plant.

A committee had previously been appointed to confer with the Wolford Gas company to ascertain if they had any proposition to make to the borough of Smethport by way of making any donation or paying a bonus for coming into the borough or fixing any price for gas. The committee reported that they met the representatives of the Wolford Gas Co., and the conference developed no offer except that the Wolford Gas Co., are willing and will donate to the borough gas for 25 lights inclosed in globes. The committee further reported that they had not been able to formulate an ordinance as they had not succeeded until Monday evening in getting an interview and had no opportunity to do so since the interview.

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Gleason, the photographer, is now ready to make pictures of your residence's.

Wait for "Solomon Issacs."

NOTES.

Judge Morrison and wife will have a reception on Saturday at their residence on upper Main street from 4 to 10 p. m. Everybody welcome.

The members of the committee that had the decoration of the court house in charge did their work in a manner exceptionally fine. The floral display was grand.

The opera house never presented a finer appearance than now. The decorations were tasty and the floral display would be hard to excell.

Gorton's Bucktail souvenir badges were very popular.

The arch in front of the Grand Central is a work of art and Wilber Oviatt deserves special mention for the work.

Lindholm & Co.'s arch and decorations are magnificent,—in fact equal to if not surpassing anything in town. The Wright House and all the places are handsomely decorated.

The following was read at the camp fire last night: The President and Mrs. McKinley regret their inability to accept the courteous invitation of "The Bucktail Association" for August 19th and 20th.

G. A. R. at Buffalo.

On Aug. 21, 22, 23 and 24 the Western New York & Pennsylvania Ry. will sell excursion tickets to Buffalo and return at a low rate. Call on agents for particulars.

Wm. Maxser has employed a first-class bicycle repairman from Buffalo who will be able to make any repairs needed, or build new wheels.

This is the best time of year to have pictures taken of your residences, barns, farms, etc. Gleason will do the work right. 25-tf

S. Hicks, optician, of Kane will make his next regular visit at Dr. Chadwick's drug store on Wednesday, Sept. 1. 31-tf

Good house and lot for sale. Inquire at this office or of the undersigned. tf M. S. COMBS.

"Solomon Issacs" coming soon.

Bonds for Sale.

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By order of the Board of Directors of Otto township.

DAVID GOODNOUGH, Pres't.
E. A. GOLDEN, Sec'y.

Notice to Contractors.

[illegible]

PERSONAL MENTION.

John Gaffney visited Kane Friday.

Wardy Crane visited Kane Tuesday.

F. C. Cyrus of Liberty was in town Tuesday.

Com. W. A. Young visited Buffalo Monday.

Atty Neil McEwen of Kane was in town Saturday.

Chas. Latham spent last Sunday with his family here.

Commissioner Lemuel Davis spent Sunday in Kane.

T. J. Gilbert of Machias was in town Monday night.

W. F. Specht and son, Fred, were in Kane Monday.

W. H. Burlingame of Rice Brook spent Sunday in town.

Orlo J. Hamlin arrived home from Cape May Monday night.

Carl Wolfort of Port Allegany was in town Monday night.

Mesdames John Forrest and S. Godden visited Bradford Tuesday.

Deputy Sheriff W. H. Clarke transacted business in Kane Monday.

C. P. Collins of Bradford was transacting business in town Tuesday.

Mrs. F. E. Baldwin of Austin arrived Wednesday for an extended visit.

Mrs. E. R. Mayo and G. B. Mayo visited Duke Centre friends Sunday.

E. B. Dolley of Port Allegany was observed on our streets Monday.

Miss Lulu Keenan arrived home from Buffalo Saturday night for a visit.

T. H. Ryan transacted business at the mountain city of Kane Tuesday.

Harry Bartle and Chas. Black of Port Allegany wheeled over last Saturday.

Miss Meribel D. Folger of Geneva is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin

F. D. Gallup departed Wednesday to attend the Firemen's Association at Meadville.

Albert Lamphere of Ceres was a most agreeable caller at this office last Saturday.

Miss Rose Allen started for Maine, Minn., last Friday for a visit of a couple of weeks.

Misses Mary and Freda Shafer returned to their home at Buffalo last Wednesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Squires of Eldred spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs J. B. Eastman.

A. L. Colegrove and Ray Wolters arrived home from their bicycle trip last Sunday night.

Rev. J. M. Leach of Duke Centre and Jas. M. Trace of Rixford were in town last Saturday.

Harry Nesmith, an employe of the Warren Mirror, is visiting his sister, Miss Rose Grumbine.

Dr. W. H. DeLong of Emporia, Kas., arrived Wednesday and is a guest of Dr. H. L. McCoy.

T. H. Clark went to Meadville Wednesday. He was a delegate from the Austin base company.

T. F. Richmond started for Meadville Tuesday night to attend the Firemen's Association meeting.

John A. Lundstrum and family of Port Allegany were guests of Ed. Larson and family last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Stone and two grandchildren of Rochester are guests of A. B. Armstrong and wife.

Brown Allen of Syracuse and Miss Mary P. Brown, sister of W. S. Brownell, arrived in town on Tuesday.

F. F. Freeman, who is an agent of the Buffalo Express was a most agreeable caller at this office Tuesday.

Mrs. A. DeShetler of Smicnahoning, a former resident of this place, was visiting old friends here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Evarts of Buffalo arrived Monday and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bonton

G. W. Mitchell, W. H. Morrison, H. M. Choate and Fred McCoy enjoyed a pleasant drive to Bradford Sunday.

Hon. W. W. Brown and wife of Washington and J. L. Latta of Friendship were in town during the reunion.

W. E. Wilson of Cyclone and a Mr. Sage of Bradford were pleasant callers at this office while in town Monday.

Mesdames D. W. Butterworth and John Butter of Coudersport arrived yesterday and are guest of friends in town.

S. J. Gifford came down from Carthage, N. Y., last Saturday after an absence of six months. He returned to Carthage Thursday.

Corporal Harry Rauch and wife and Chas. Wildy and wife of Philadelphia arrived Tuesday afternoon to attend the Bucktail reunion.

Mrs. H. B. Warne and Smith Gutherie of Philadelphia came up Tuesday with Corporal Rauch and party to attend the Bucktail reunion.

Misses Marie Jackson and Nellie Musser of Smethport were the guests of Miss Cora Barr of Summer street, the first of the week.—Bradford Post.

Miss Ruby Palmer, who has been here on a visit to her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Palmer, returned to her home at Salamanca Friday.

Mrs. C. Wagner and daughter, Miss Adda, who have been visiting Mrs. Wagner's brother, S. D. Weaver, returned to their home in Bradford Monday.

Miss Eva Beers returned to her duties in Bradford Monday, as Mrs. Erastus Cottis has so far recovered from the effects of a recent fall to make such a course possible.

Sheriff Davis was in Bradford Tuesday. While there he visited the Exchange Lyceum and witnessed the wonderful healing powers of the hypnotic wonder, Dr. Fritz. The Sheriff stated that the doctor gave some wonderful exhibitions of his power over disease.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed when the languid, exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act in so surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, indigestion, constipation, dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c and $1.00 per bottle at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store.

Wm. Maxser has placed in his shops on Water street all kinds of machinery for the manufacture of builder's material, such as moulding, siding, ceiling and surfaced lumber of all kinds.

A. B. Armstrong & Co. guarantee the American Silver Truss to give entire satisfaction or refund money.

Don't forget "Solomon Issacs."

Crockery.

This is a branch of the Hardware business that brings a pleasure into the work, especially when we can show our many patrons so many beautiful things at such reasonable figures. Following we quote a few sample

PRICES:

100-piece dinner sets,			$5.00
113	"	"	7.00
113	"	"	14.00
12	" toilet	"	$3.75 to 8.50

FRUIT CANS.

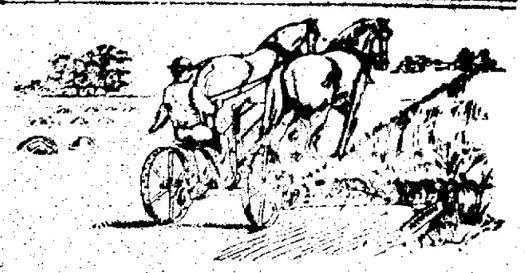
Pint cans,	50c. doz.
Quart cans,	60 "
2-quart cans,	85 "

Screen Doors and Windows.

All sizes—prices right, at

Mason's Hardware,

Smethport, Pa.



DEERING IDEAL MOWERS

With Ball and Roller Bearings.

They are the only Mowers that can be drawn at a slow walk or started without backing in any crop. The only Mowers with serrated ledger plates, perfect shear cutting knives with spring steel clips. The only Mowers with adjustable drag bar to keep the knife in line and protect the pitman.

Hill Side and Flat Land Plows,

Spring tooth, spike tooth and disk harrow, farmers favorite seed and fertilizer drills. This drill can be used for sowing fertilizer alone, or broadcast if preferred. In fertilizers we include dry wood ashes, lime, stock and land plaster.

We have top buggies, road wagons, platform wagons surreys, phaetons, carts, &c.

NOURSE BROS.,
Smethport, Penn'a.

BACKUS BLOCK, Opposite Court House.

When you go to town do not forget to call at

Store of D. C. Young

And look over his immense stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

New goods received daily.

Just received a quantity of bleached Table Damask, which is being sold at 25c a yard. Also Bleached Crash at 10c a yard.

Good Black Sateen at 12½c a yard. Each one a decided bargain.

A drive in roast coffee at 12½c a pound.

All goods bought cheap for cash and sold accordingly.

Do not forget to look for drives in boots, shoes and rubber goods.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Goods Sold Will be for Cash.

August 4, 1897.

JOB PRINTING

Is an art. Anyone can do Job Printing—after a fashion. But Artistic Job Printing is only done by artistic printers—men who have taste for beauty and art as well as experience. Experience is indispensible, but experience without taste is of little avail. In the

Miner Job Department

both taste and experience is an important factor, and is always apparent in the work issued from this department. Therefore if you prefer a high class of work to the cheap, botchy stuff got out by one-horse shops, you should see that your orders for printing of any description are placed with

THE McKEAN MINER,

Smethport, Penna.

Mail orders given prompt attention. Only first-class stock used.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT!

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS,

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

THE NECESSITY OF BUYING DRUGS AT THE

PALACE PHARMACY.

BECAUSE Only the purest drugs are kept in stock.

BECAUSE Every care is exercised to insure precision as to weights and the proper ingredients.

BECAUSE Our prices are such as the times demand.

Now Just a word for Our

FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

One trial will convince you that they are just what we represent them to be. The very best material that we can buy is used. Remember the place.

PALACE PHARMACY,

Smethport, Pa. Burg Chadwick, M. D., Prop.

J. C. STULL, Farmers Valley.

New Goods! Lowest Prices!

My store is chock full of new goods and going at prices that are lower than ever before. Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain, Mill Stuff, Hardware, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes and all kinds of Rubber Goods. Sole agent for Snag Proof Rubber Goods in this vicinity. Your patronage solicited. Yours Truly,

J. C. Stull.

SHADOW OF A NAME.

TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES CHADBAND.

The Story of a Widower Man Who Bore the Reproaches of Both of Dickens' Celebrated Characters — Quite Brilliantly, but Through Not Perfect.

It is Easter Sunday morning at Easter cottage, at the house near Malvern Well and Charles Chadband.

With the name of Chadband, thanks to Dickens, the reading world is familiar. It is associated with oiliness, hypocrisy and self seeking. At the very mention of the name the reminiscent grin spreads on all faces. He is a national joke. But we pay for all our laughter, and we have paid for the Chadband joke. I do not mean to say that the unpleasantness with which Dickens associated the name of Chadband for his readers was the cause of the death of Charles Chadband. It was not. He died of an ordinary disease—consumption. In fact, But that unhappy accident did overshadow the whole of Charles Chadband's life. It did prevent him from taking the place and fame to which he was justly entitled. It has prevented the general public from reading one single line of his very excellent works.

As his literary executor I have had no choice but to destroy every line of his manuscript in accordance with his orders. Not a single copy has been taken, and not one word of his works that his friends remember may be committed to writing. I do not easily believe in the existence of genius, but I believe that Charles Chadband had genius. Some, far more competent to judge than I am, thought the same. As I watched the last sparks die out in the big pile of burned paper it seemed a pity that so much work and such wonderful gifts should be all wasted for such a stupid, ignoble, maddening reason—because the author had inherited the name of a character in Dickens.

He was very sensitive, but, unlike most very sensitive men, he was not offended or vain. When I was first introduced to him, he said, laughing, that he was no relation to the original Chadband. He revered in Dickens and would quote the original Chadband freely. I had known him a long time before I knew that the resemblance of the names gave him any trouble at all. It was long before I could make out why he would not publish anything. He used to give the most absurd reasons for his reticence, and when driven into a corner he would say that he was going to publish, but not yet. One night, when I had just finished a long story of his, I implored him to let me take it away with me to London and see what could be done. "No," he said. "No-body would publish it." I told him that it might be refused by five men out of six, but that the sixth would afterward be proud that he had accepted it.

Then, quite unexpectedly, the secret came out. "No serious work," he said, "could possibly be anything associated with the name of Chadband." He said it so light heartedly that I thought he was once more putting me off with a wrong reason, but I soon found that he was sincere. He imagined reviewers making jests about his name and owned that he would not be able to stand it. This surprised me, for he frequently joked about his name himself, and so did his friends. He defended himself.

"That's different," he said. "That is in conversation, among men that I know. But I could not have some vulgar brute who did not know me at all doing the same thing in cold print. It would present my stuff from the wrong point of view. No, the associations of the name are too strong. If you are called Chadband, you are called Chadband, and there's an end of it. You may do what you like in private, but you can come before the public only as an hypocritical, hypocritical, delicious ass, and in no other character whatever."

He would not hear of a pseudonym or of anonymity. If his work succeeded, the secret would be found out, and he would be ashamed. If it did not succeed—and he did not think it would—it was not worth his while to add to the annual output of bad books. "Why make all this fuss about nothing?" I said, angry with his obstinacy. "If you think it matters one straw—though it does not—change your name once for all and be done with it." He said that it would be sheer cowardice, and he could not dream of it.

Very unfortunately, he had private means. Poverty might have driven him to overcome his sensitiveness and to publish. Had he done so it would have been curious to watch the growth of an entirely new set of associations around the name Chadband. I think he was strong enough to have redeemed the name.

He was unsurprised—said that he did not believe in the hereditary principles as applied to jokes. His real reason for not marrying was, of course, the disease of which he died. He worked exceedingly hard, and, as he knew, to no purpose. He would not own that he took pleasure in his work. "No," he said, "it's like smoking—I get no pleasure from it, but I should miss it if I gave it up." He took enormous pains with his work and finished it as thoroughly as though it were to constitute his appeal to the world on the following day. He kept the final copy of everything he approved, but has instructions were that it was all to be burned as soon as possible after his death.—Barry Pain in Black and White.

A Very Dulled Family.

The value attached by the poor, and even by those who are not in the depths of poverty, to decent surroundings in family life is a very variable quantity. Decent lodging is not by any means universally regarded as one of the prime necessities of life. Occasionally it is relegated to quite a back seat.

An instance was given before the commissioners of a family of seven persons—father, mother two grown up sons and three grown up daughters—all living in one room. With them this arrangement was a matter of choice, not necessity, for they earned between them about £3 a week, more than £150 a year, and even from a slum landlord they could no doubt have afforded to hire themselves more or two. Having summed down the item of rent to an inconsiderable minimum, they determined to live thoroughly good time. And this is how the witness describes their pecuniary things: "In the evening they would go out to the music halls and to the theatres. On Saturday afternoon they usually take five shillings each for some pleasure or conveyance that was going into the country, and on Sunday they would go to Brighton and to other places." It is comforting to reflect that these Arcadian beings were a unit-ed family and always took their pleasures together as well as their naps. It is not stated whether they took in lodgers.—From "The Housing of the British Poor," by the Right Hon. Lord Brassey, in North American Review.

Remedy For Bones In Eating.

A hint to those who may thoughtlessly at some time or other indulge in salmon in eating. If this indiscretion is committed, especially in high seasoned things with fish sauces, a draught of cold water, acidulated with lemon juice, will take off the sense of weight at the stomach and assist the digestive process by moistening the alimentary passages.—New York Ledger.

Such Was Reply.

A miller was recently brought before a magistrate for beating his wife, when the magistrate attempted to reach his heart by asking him if he did not know that the Bible says that "woman vessel." "Yes," replied the husband, "but it also says that a woman's place is to carry on the mill."—London Tit-Bits.

WHEN MARIA JANE IS MAYOR.

When Maria Jane's elected to the superiority stakes,
There'll be many strange currents that are now apparent there.
The sidewalks will be carpeted, the streets swept thrice a day,
The alleys be as fragrant as fields of new-mown hay.

What with parties and receptions and occasionally a ball,
There will be a transformation around the city hall,
And each ward in the city will be represented there
By lovely alderwomen, and not horrid aldermen.

When Maria Jane is mayor, none but ladies will, of course,
Be appointed members of the city police force,
And in their bloomer uniforms they'll look so very sweet
The gang to be arrested will consider it a treat.

The stores will be compelled to have a bonnet ask each day,
And for choosing guns and socks you will not be asked to pay.
Oh, green grocerons will be projected, all the wrongs will be corrected,
When Maria Jane's elected to the mayoralty chair!

—William Watt in Chicago Record.

DOCTORS AND SUICIDE.

Statistics Show a Peculiar Bond of Sympathy Between the Two.

During the last three years, says The Medical and Surgical Reporter of Philadelphia, nearly one-fifteenth of all deaths among physicians have been by suicide. This is a conservative estimate, as many instances of death are attributed to accidental overdosing, as the tendency is always to hush up a suicide whenever possible. But without including such cases, the fact remains that the medical profession is more prone to suicide than any other. These statistics may be explained by the development of morbid fancies in the mind of a doctor on account of his constant association with the sick and dying, or of an actual indifference to death, or because he has the requisite knowledge of how to die conveniently and painlessly.

Poisoning is a favorite method, but it does not appear from statistics that the cyanides or morphine have the preference which would exist if epicurean philosophy were carried into the choice of drugs. At the same time, physicians usually put their knowledge of drugs to a practical execution in selecting a poison for suicide. But if the more knowledge of the painlessness of death by certain means is not a determining factor in leading so many physicians to suicide, probably the accessibility of poisons is.

Suicide is largely a matter of insane impulse, and such an impulse can often be ascertained even in the case of those who have long been indifferent to life and have contemplated suicide. If a man must put on his hat and overcoat, walk to a drug store and tax his ingenuity for a lie with which to explain his desire for poison, he may postpone the fatal act from mere inertia, or he may meet a friend or have his interest in life aroused by one of a multitude of every-day occurrences or physical exercise may bring him to his senses. If, as is the case with almost every doctor, he has simply to feel in his pocket or walk across his office to get a deadly poison, the impulse may be carried into execution before anything can happen to supplant it in the brain.

Defining Appendicitis.

A teachers' examination was held at Seneca, Kan., at which one of the questions in physiology was as follows: "What is appendicitis, and what are its causes and cures?" Below are given a few of the answers as reported in the Seneca Tribune:

"It is a disease of the appendix, which is located somewhere between the liver and the heart, the organ of the affections."

"Ossification of the marrow of the longitudinal shaft bone."

"Appendicitis is sunstroke or overheating, caused by a great heat. The cure is to get the patient into a cool place, bathe the face and hand with water."

"It is the disease of appendice, caused by want of exercise, improper food, clothing and ventilation."

"Appendicitis is a condition caused by food substances lodging and causing a blockade in the digestive apparatus. It is cured by surgical operation, in which the obstruction is cut away. A theory is given that the appendix was at one time a tail on man and is not yet evolved off. It is cut away by the surgeon."

His Bread Upon the Waters.

Fifteen years ago Carrie Burch was a servant girl in a California household where William F. Hastings was also employed. The girl became ill and had to leave, but had no money. Hastings loaned her $200, and she went away. The years rolled by without the $200 being returned, and Hastings had forgotten the occurrence when he received a letter from a barrister in London stating that an estate of $73,000 had been left him by a Mrs. Hall, formerly Miss Carrie Burch of California. Hastings could hardly believe what he read, but he has the money now, and for his generosity to a strange girl years ago he has become independently rich. When the girl left California, she went to Australia as a nurse and there married a retired English merchant, who died some years afterward, and the widow then returned to London and lived there until her death.—Exchange.

A Good Reason.

The general passenger agent of one of the Chicago trunk lines received a letter from a Kansas man the other day requesting a pass for himself to Chicago and return. There was nothing about the letter to indicate that the writer had any claim whatsoever to the courtesy he requested, but the railway man thought that perhaps the Kansan had some connection with the road in some way, possibly as a local freight agent. So he wrote back, "Please state explicitly on what account you request transportation." By return mail came this reply, "I've got to go to Chicago some way, and I don't want to walk."—Exchange.

A Bakeshop Machine.

One of the latest appliances for use in a bakeshop oven consists of a machine which takes the whole meat and grinds it, mixes water with it and kneads it into dough ready for the oven.

Open the doors of opportunity to talent and virtue and they will do themselves justice, and property will not be in bad hands.—Emerson.

In 1620 the first large copper coins were minted in England, putting an end to private leaden tokens.

Pore-lain coins were for a long time current in Siam.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait till you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

G. A. R. Encampment, Buffalo.

For the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Buffalo, August 25, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special tickets from all points on the system to Buffalo and return at rate of single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold only on the special dates, August 21 to 24, inclusive, good to return until August 31, but not later than September 15, 1897.

VICTORIA'S REGAL RIGHT.

Why the Sister of William IV Was Called to the Throne.

Several newspapers, in explaining to their readers how Queen Victoria came to succeed William IV, say it was because she was his niece. That is the truth, but only half the truth, for William IV had nephews and other nieces. George III's first, second, third and fourth sons were respectively the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, who died childless in 1830; Frederick, Duke of York, who died in 1827, also without children; William, duke of Clarence, who died William IV, June 20, 1837, without lawful issue, and Edward, duke of Kent and Strathearn and earl of Dublin, who died Jan. 23, 1820, aged 53, leaving as the sole issue of his marriage with Princess Victoria of Leiningen a baby daughter, now Queen Victoria. The queen succeeded William IV not because she was simply his niece, but because she was the only child of the brother next to him in the order of succession.

Had Queen Victoria had a brother she would in all probability not have been a personage of historical celebrity, save in the contingency of succeeding him. Her rights were those that devolved on her from her father. At the time she succeeded to the throne her uncles—the Duke of Cumberland, of Sussex and Cambridge—were living, younger brothers of her father and junior to him in the line of succession in the order named. The Duke of Cumberland, who became king of Hanover on the death of William IV, was a man of such despotic temper and principles that all England cherished the Princess Victoria as standing between it and his succession to the throne. He had lawful issue, as had the Duke of Cambridge.

The Duke of Sussex, a most estimable man, married twice, but these unions being repugnant to the provisions of the royal marriage act, his children were barred from the line of succession. From the revolution of 1688 rose the Jacobite party, made up of those who supported the cause of James II, his sons and descendants. The picturesque modern Jacobites do not recognize Queen Victoria, despite the fact that her succession is due to her Stuart blood, for she is a direct descendant of Elizabeth, daughter of James I, to whose heirs the title to the throne devolved by the act of settlement on the death of Anne.—Boston Transcript.

Deafness In School Children.

The fact that myopia is frequent among school children is well known. It is not so well known that impaired hearing is also frequently met with. The children thus affected are often accused of being lazy and inattentive, when in reality their ears are at fault. Helot shows that these cases are quite common; are easily recognized, are generally curable and when cured a large number of children are transformed, so to speak, both from a physical and a moral standpoint. According to Weil of Stuttgart, the proportion of school children with impaired hearing is 35 per cent; according to Moure of Bordeaux, 17 per cent. Helot agrees with Gelb and other aurists that the proportion is 35 per cent, or one-fourth. All the children in a class should be carefully examined, and those semideaf pupils will always be found among the poor scholars. The cause of infirmity is to be sought for—nasopharyngeal catarrh following measles, scarlatina, whooping cough, adenoid vegetations, hypertrophied tonsils, etc.—and normal conditions are to be restored by appropriate treatment. — Popular Science News.

Humbert's Generosity.

King Humbert's generosity in charitable works is said to be fabulous. A petition hardly ever remains without an answer. His majesty spontaneously gives presents to those persons to whom he does not wish to grant subsidies. These presents are generally of two kinds—a golden clock with the royal arms or a brooch set in diamonds. His jeweler supplies him each year with 500 clocks and 1,000 brooches. King Humbert never goes to the theater save on the occasion of an official solemnity. He says that he finds no pleasure in artificial life.

"I play a part every day," he says, "in the political and official comedy. What can the other comedians teach me?"—Rome Letter.

Origin of a Name.

The origin of the name Fife is not known. One historian tries to show that it comes from the Celtic word veach, a Pict, and means that the district was inhabited by Picts, but that is obviously absurd, as Fife was not specially the home of any of the Pictish nations. The tradition that finds greatest favor is related by a monk, who states that the first known possessor of the district which has since grown into the kingdom of Fife was one Fifus Duffus, a famous chieftain whose date is lost in the mists of antiquity.

The Queen's Messengers.

The four queen's messengers always travel incognito. They wear their badges of office out of sight, suspended round their necks, and are always most reluctant to display them to emphasize their authority and the importance of their mission. The badge is a small, exquisitely modeled silver greyhound.—London Standard.

Tonics.

Willie—Pa, what's a tonic?

Pa—It's something you take to brace you up.

Willie—Well, what's tantonic—something to brace you too much?—Harper's Bazar.

Her Sweet Charity.

When a man is so mean and cranky that nobody wants to have anything to do with him, his wife always says he has a peculiar disposition.—New York Press.

A Professional Bird Catcher.

Berlin pays a salary to a professional bird catcher, who keeps scientific and educational institutions supplied with birds, birds' nests and eggs, and he is the only man in the empire permitted to do so.

The train of the dress worn by Catherine de' Medici on her marriage in 1533 with Henri, second son of Francis I, king of France, measured no less than 48 yards in length and was carried by ten pairs of pages.

In Italy there are more theaters in proportion to the population than in any other country.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruption and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits; 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin diseases may be cured by it quickly and permanently. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

"They don't make much fuss about it," We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, biliousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

OF COURSE IT'S TRUE

This Story of the Lame Horse and the Young Doctor.

One reads so many stories that [illegible] that it is a matter of surprise to find a doctor to explain [illegible] in almost any gathering of the present day," remarked Dr. [illegible] Watrous, "A little [illegible] relating my own [illegible] of years ago when I was [illegible] and which [illegible] members of the hors[illegible] ought to be credited with [illegible] of a very considerable quantity of reasoning power. It was [illegible] chosen for the students at the medical institution at which I pursued my studies to wear a small badge upon their coats to distinguish them from others at the college. A horse belonging to the establishment was used a great deal about the medical department, and the animal seemed to have a special preference for the embryo doctors more than for any other people about the establishment.

"One day, while a number of us were gathered in a little knot upon a small campus in the rear of the college, the animal in question, which used to nip the grass in the location, came toward the group limping very badly. He came to a stop a dozen or more feet from the crowd, and, carefully surveying the lot of us, finally made up his mind as to what he wanted to do and without any hesitation limped directly to my side, whinnied, stuck his nose against my body and held up his left foreleg. Looking down, I discovered a large nail imbedded in the frog of his hoof. This had evidently caused the lameness. I then realized the interesting fact that the animal desired attendance. I extracted the nail with some difficulty, and the horse whimpered with relief and walked away. Rather curious as to why the beast had picked me out to attend to his wound, I glanced at the boys and found the solution to the problem. Not one of the group had his medical badge upon his coat but myself. The horse had recognized the insignia, realized its significance and acted accordingly."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AFRAID OF THE HOODOO.

Why the Street Car Conductor Would Not Cut the Pageant In Twain.

A hearse crossed the track and the motorman put on the brakes so suddenly that the car nearly stood on its nose. Then he sat down on the front seat to await the passing of the long string of carriages following the black draped vehicle.

A fat man who had nearly been thrown over the front rail by the sudden stopping of the car snorted angrily:

"Why don't you cut across? I've got to catch a train. I can't wait here all day."

"Can't help it, boss. You'll have to wait and catch another train."

"Well, I'll report you to the company. That procession will take five minutes in passing us."

"Report away. I can't help it if the procession takes 20 minutes. You couldn't hire me to run this car across that funeral procession for the best job on the line. That's the worst hoodoo a man could run up against."

"Bah!" said the fat man.

"All right, boss. I know what I'm talking about. One of the best men on this line crossed a funeral procession soon after the trolley system was put in. A live wire dropped on the back of his neck and electrocuted him before he'd gone a block. A little while later another poor fellow cut across back of a hearse. He ran over three children in as many weeks. He quit the road as crazy as a loon. Now the conductor on that same car has lost every cent he had in the world, and his wife and child have died. Bah, yourself! I'd like to see you get off this car and walk across in front of one of those carriages. I'll bet you'd be catchin your last train in this world pretty quick. Just hop off and try it now."

But the fat man only shifted uneasily about on the hard car seat and waited silently until the last carriage had passed.—New York Telegram.

How Bees Embalm.

Bees, says Horbig, can embalm as successfully as could the ancient Egyptians. It often happens in damp weather that a slug or snail will enter a beehive. This is, of course, to the unprotected slug a case of sudden death. The bees fall upon him and sting him to death at once. But, what to do with the carcass becomes a vital question. If left where it is, it will breed a regular pestilence. Now comes in the cleverness of the insects. They set to work and cover it with wax, and there you may see it lying embalmed just as the nations of old embalmed their dead. Which it is a snail that is the intruder, he is, of course, impenetrable to their sting, so they calmly cement his shell with wax to the bottom of the hive—imprisonment for life, with no hope of pardon.

Both Wrong.

The Toronto Saturday Night tells of a man who kept a ferret being obliged to go into the country, leaving the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbor till he should return.

The neighbor incautiously opened the cage door, and the ferret escaped, whereupon the owner brought a claim against him for damages.

The following was the decision of the learned magistrate before whom the case was brought.

"No doubt," he said to the neighbor—"no doubt you were wrong to open the cage door, but"—turning to the owner, "you were wrong too. Why did you not clip the brute's wings?"

The Franks took their name from the franciziques, or battleaxes, which they threw with deadly effect.

Age is a matter of feeling, not of years.—George William Curtis.

Is Life Worth Living?

If there is an individual on earth who is excusable for thus interrogating himself, it is the unhappy mortal who suffers from malaria in some one of its diabolical forms. This is no difficult conundrum, however. Life is worth living by any man or woman who enjoys good health, and is not harassed by a reproachful conscience. The malarial scourge, heavily laid on, is a terrible one for the poor sufferer to encounter. Shaking chills, scorching fever and sweat—the last leaving one as limp and as nerveless as a dish rag, are hard indeed, repugnant as they to with. Scientific Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is now worldwide known as preventive and curative of the ailments of malarial origin, either in the form of agues or fevers. Biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism and kidney complaints, nervousness, dyspepsia liver complaint and constipation, and resew failing strength.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin curbs, splint, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all wollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport Pa.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Fromise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of Mystic Cure for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport.

"I care but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequaled for throat and lung troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

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TIME TABLE.

Took effect Monday, June [illegible]

1	3	5	STATIONS.		
a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	Ar.	Lv.	
8:35	2:20	7:05	Kessler		
8:50	2:35	7:20	Colby Junc.		
8:55	1:30	7:25	Austin		
.....	1:32	6:01	Costello		
.....	1:37	6:06	Gillett		
.....	1:41	6:11	Wharton		
.....	1:51	6:21	Keene		
.....	1:56	6:26	Hall		
.....	2:00	6:30	Cross Fork Jct.		
.....	2:05	6:35	Sartwell		
.....	2:20	6:50	Galeton		
.....	2:40	7:10	Gaines		
.....	3:00	7:30	Ansonia		
a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	Ar.	Lv.	
8:20	3:05	7:35	Cross Fork Jct.		
7:50	2:45	7:05	Cross Fork Jct.		
7:30	2:35	7:00	Cross Fork Jct.		

H. Hutchinson, Train Master. C. W. [illegible], Gen'l M[illegible]

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.

Time Table, taken effect Monday, June 6, 1897.

AR.	LV.	STATIONS.	
A.M.	P.M.		A.M.
9:30	2:30	Coudersport	8:00
8:35	1:35	Card	7:05
8:30	1:30	Colegrove	7:00
8:22	1:22	Austin	6:52
8:16	1:16	Costello	6:46
8:10	1:10	Wharton	6:40
8:05	1:05	Keene	6:35
7:55	12:55	Hall	6:25
7:50	12:50	Cross Fork Junction	6:20
7:45	12:45	Mina	6:15
7:35	12:35	Knowlton	6:05
7:30	12:30	Roulette	6:00
7:25	12:25	Burtville	5:55
7:15	12:15	Coleman	5:45
7:05	12:05	Port Allegany	5:35

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Gen'l Manager.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R'y

Time Table taking Effect May 3rd, 1897.

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

8:20 A. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Lewis Run, Bradford, Kinzua, Corydon, Limestone, Kane connecting with P. R. R. for Pittsburg, Buffalo and points West.

10:00 A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Junction, Simpson, Bradford and Kane.

3:05 P. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Kinzua, Corydon, and Kane connecting with P. R. R. for Pittsburg, Buffalo and points West.

ARRIVE SMETHPORT.

10:30 A. M.—From Kane, Corydon, Kinzua, Bradford, Lewis Run and Junction.

7:05 P. M.—From Kane, Corydon, Kinzua, Bradford, Lewis Run and Junction.

JNO. C. McKENNA, Gen. Pass. Agent.

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R. R.

To take effect at 7 o'clock a.m., Sunday, June 27, 1897.

North				South	
1:10	.....	.....	Ar.	Lv.	11:30
12:57	.....	.....	Clermont		11:17
12:52	.....	.....	Wilmont		11:12
12:47	.....	.....	No 11		11:07
9:10	.....	.....	Bay View		10:50
9:00	.....	.....	Grey Gables		10:40
8:55	.....	Ar.	St. Marys	Lv.	10:35
8:50	7:00